

The light has faded into gray  
It dances on the windowsill  
And beckons you to come and stay  
Amid the warming lamp lit hues.  
Darkness leaps and trembles  
Casting forms into the world  
While the brighter decorations hide  
Until the golden is renewed.  
Neon embers, hot and bold,  
Take prisoner the eyes  
And mold them there  
Until they fold  
As pieces of design.  
Retreating once more  
Into the night  
The gray has taken siege  
And the light of a thousand memories  
Take the shape  
Of nightmares and dreams.

*Laura Daum*